Volume LX CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1907 Number 2

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

SONNET.

O Earth! Thou hast not any wind that blows
  That is not music. Every weed of thine,
  Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine;
And every little hedgerow flower that grows
And every little brown bird that doth sing,
  Has something greater than itself, and bears
A living word to every living thing,
  Albeit it holds the message unawares.

All shapes and sounds have something that is not
  Of them. A spirit broods amid the grass;
Vague outlines of the Everlasting Thought
  Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The fringes of the sunset and the hills.

RICHARD REALF.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LX | THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1907 | NUMBER 2

MOTION.

We all like motion. Why not grow to feel
Smooth-rolling Time beneath us, and enjoy
The steady, quiet ceaseless flow of years;
The whirr of flying seconds; the swift beat
Of minutes as they pass; the beaded days,
Thick-starred with Sundays regular and swift;
The moon-set months, fast wheeling up the sky;
The seasons opening and closing calm,
Year after year in long processional;
Even to feel the heaving centuries
Wheel on beneath us, slow, but moving still?

C. P. G.

A correspondent in the *Outlook* has discovered a passage in Rollins' Ancient History which establishes the fact that the Egyptians were up to the incubator habit. They knew how to bring chickens out of eggs without the interference of a mother. The correspondent offers no evidence that the ancient Egyptian anticipated the modern substitutes for human motherhood.

"New England as a Birthplace of Strange Cults" is the significant title of an article in the *Literary Digest* of August 31st. This is based on a more extended discussion of the theme in the *New York Christian Advocate*. Our Methodist contemporary seems on this suggestion to have a clear case as far as the fact is concerned, however debatable the explanation may be. It is true that Mrs. Eddy, Mother of the Christian Science, and Mrs. Tingley, Mother of Theosophical colonies in the United States, are from New England, and these seem to be the most subtle and to a large class most satisfying and the most refined of "new cults," so far as they are new. But Dowie and Joseph Smith and the Booth families are not from New England, and all these movements in point of democratic scope and influence and apparent permanence far outreach the first two mentioned. When the time comes for the philosophic historian to adequately size up the Christian Science and Theosophical movements in the United States, the fact that they are "mothered" rather than "fathered" may be a significant one. Sociologists teach that there were matriarchal communities established long before the patriarchal regime came into being. This signifies,—what?

If the newspapers are right and the coming municipal election in the city of Cleveland is to become the battle ground of national politics, the fact is a most lamentable one. It is reported that President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft are backing Representative Burton in his effort to wrench the mayoralty from the hands of Tom Johnson, who has held it for three successive terms, because the seating of a republican mayor is considered a necessary preliminary to the presidential campaign that will save Ohio to the party and the presidency to the man of Roosevelt's choice. We know nothing of the qualifications of Representative Burton. He may be a most desirable candidate for the city of Cleveland, but the attempt to elect him on party lines and to use his name for campaign purposes is a menace to the city and a baneful handicap to the mayor should he be elected. The domination of the party "boss" or "Central Committees" in municipal affairs is a malign one, as all students of municipal interest, every self-respecting politician and every fairly well informed voter knows full well. Why, then, should it be smilingly or lazily tolerated? When will the strike for liberty be made by the long-suffering public? It certainly cannot always go on this way. Why not begin to quit, right now?

Still the question of army desertions engages the attention of our exchanges. However embarrassing it may be to the administration, we consider this "trouble" one of the most hopeful signs of the times. The plain English of the matter is that the United States has got beyond the production of a standing army. The ideals of civic life and the inspirations of citizenship are so much finer, higher and more varied than those of the indolent camp in times of peace, that only the poorest stuff, the social riff-raff, is attracted thereto. The difficulty of the United States to maintain even a minimum standing army on land and sea for want of material is by no means a menace to the safety of the nation or a reflection upon the courage of its people. Should the dire necessity ever arise this country is as full as it ever was of hero stuff. There will ever be military prowess enough to protect the honor of the flag when that honor can be protected only on the field of Mars. Meanwhile the American citizen prefers to serve his country on higher lines. The way to cure the *ennui* of the camp is not in the rehabilitation of the canteen but by giving the soldier something worth doing and surrounding such tasks with the emoluments and approbation that belong to high service.

Rev. William E. Barton, of Oak Park, is a safe brother of the Congregational fraternity. He writes cautiously and wisely in a recent number of the *Congregationalist* of the "Union that Unites." He has in

mind particularly the union discussed in the recent tri-church council. He says: "Whatever alliance is now formed is but a step towards a larger union, and it should ever be remembered that in order to be valuable it must be a union of life as well as an organization." He closes his argument with this telling and very suggestive simile:

W. R. Peabody, in a spirited article on "The Spirit of the Woods" in a recent number of the *Outlook*, speaks of the moment of "perfect pleasure" when "at the railway station with a cigar in his pocket and a book in his hand a man chooses his seat in the smoking compartment of a parlor car," etc., etc. Throughout the article every once in a while the writer turns aside to pay his respects to "Queen Nicotine," after the manner of Barrie. This is quite in line with certain tendencies even among the professions devoted to ethical leadership and the training of youths,—the preacher and the teacher. There is much in vogue in modern literature and practice that goes to impress the young lad with the conviction that smoking is an "elegant accomplishment." Of course a poor cigar and a stale pipe is an offense to good manners, but a "fine cigar" and a well colored meerschaum is a becoming "decoration," indeed—not only an innocent but a refined accomplishment. It is useless to confront such youths with the warnings of the medical profession or with the horrible figures that represent economic waste, the exhaustion of the fields and of human life that go into the production so long as literature and poetry and the men they honor surround the use of it with a halo of poetry and social distinction. The whole argument of the physician and the economist is false and void, if tobacco is not a nasty "weed," a deceptive narcotic, whose consolations are delusive, its influences stupefying and not resting, and it is time that the truly intelligent and really refined should recognize the nasty stuff in its right light. We do not say that there are not able teachers and worthy ministers who smoke, but we do say that they are such in spite of, not on account of, the deplorable inconsistency and the lamentable handicap which compels a man in this respect to say to those whom he would teach and lead, "Follow my precepts rather than my practice."

We are not reckless enough to undertake to decide upon the merits of the contestants, much less to venture to interfere in the fierce battle now being carried on between President Roosevelt and W. J. Long and their representative backers, but it may be safe to mildly suggest that one difference between the mighty Nimrod of the White House and his literary antagonists may consist in the fact that the one is conscious chiefly of the individual. He studies the object in hand. His measuring line is that delusive point of time called "now," while the others more touched by the scientific spirit, take note of tendencies, recognize the slow but sure movement of life which is manifest all the way up and down the scale of being. Perhaps these impatient empiricists with a gun might find a new "foeman worthy of their steel" in the gentle, pacific Robert Louis Stevenson who, twenty years ago in his *"Pulvis et Umbra,"* said:

"A new doctrine, received with screams a little while ago by canting moralists, and still not properly worked into the body of our thoughts, lights us a step farther into the heart of this rough but noble universe. For nowadays the pride of man denies in vain his kinship with the original dust. He stands no longer like a thing apart. Close at his heels we see the dog, prince of another genius: and in him, too, we see dumbly testified the same cultus of an unattainable ideal, the same constancy in failure. Does it stop with the dog? We look at our feet where the grouund is blackened with the swarming ant: a creature so small, so far from us in the hierarchy of brutes, that we can scarce trace and scarce comprehend his doings; and here also, in his ordered polities and rigorous justice, we see confessed the law of duty and the fact of individual sin. Does it stop, then, with the ant? Rather this desire of well-doing and this doom of frailty run through all the grades of life: rather is this earth, from the frosty top of Everest to the next margin of the internal file, one stage of ineffectual virtues and one temple of pious tears and perseverance. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together. It is the common and the Godlike law of life. The browsers, the biters, the barkers, the hairy coats of field and forest, the squirrel in the oak, the thousand-footed creeper in the dust, as they share with us the gift of life, share with us the love of an ideal: strive like us—like us are tempted to grow weary of the struggle—to do well; like us receive at times unmerited refreshment, visitings of support, returns of courage; and are condemned like us to be crucified between that double law of the members and the will. Are they like us, I wonder, in the timid hope of some reward, some sugar with the drug? Do they, too, stand aghast at unrewarded virtues, at the sufferings of those whom, in our partiality, we take to be just, and the prosperity of such as, in our blindness, we call wicked? It may be, and yet God knows what they should look for. Even while they look, even while they repent, the foot of man treads them by thousands in the dust, the yelping hounds burst upon their trail, the bullet speeds, the knives are heating in the den of the vivisectionist; or the dew falls, and the generation of a day is blotted out. For these are creatures, compared with whom our weakness is strength, our ignorance wisdom, our brief span eternity.

And as we dwell, we living things, in our isle of terror and under the imminent hand of death, God forbid it should be man the erected, the reasoner, the wise in his own eyes—God forbid it should be man that wearies in well-doing, that despairs of unrewarded effort, or utters the language of complaint. Let it be enough for faith, that the whole creation groans in mortal frailty, strives with unconquerable constancy: Surely not all in vain."

It has been discovered in Chicago that there is no eternal reason in the fitness of things why all the water in the great lakes should flow out through the ice-choked St. Lawrence, and that in the beginning it was not so. We have found a way whereby Lake Michigan may flow into the Mississippi, and its waters rejoice as they flow, over the discovery of a prehistoric channel formed long before the days of the glacier. There are half a dozen denominations, separated by no eternal fact of theological geology, but only by the *débris* of some mediæval deposit of ice and mud. Let us be sure we are surveying a channel along a level free from cataracts and dams, and let us run it invitingly near to the brethren nearest to us. There is a very low watershed between us and the Presbyterians; and no watershed, and not much water, between us and the Baptists. As the Chicago canal can easily be made so wide and deep as to drain, not only Lake Michigan, but also Huron and Superior, so let us survey our level with much care, and make the channel deep and straight. Then "thou shalt see and flow together, and thine heart shall be enlarged; and the abundance of the seas shall be converted unto thee."

Go, speed the stars of Thought
On to their shining goals,—
The sower scatters broad his seed;
The wheat thou strew'st be souls.

—*Emerson.*

Church Work

The public schools promptly began their work the first of September, and to their credit be it said that all of them began well, however they may end. The clock of their efficiency struck twelve the first week. The teachers were on hand and the pupils too, in most cases in ever increasing numbers. In Chicago the increase was distressing and many had to be turned away for want of adequate room. The superintendents and principals of the public schools had their programs well in hand, their classifications and categories thought out. It is a poor teacher that did not spend some part of the summer in "getting ready," in filling up, or at least in freshening up. The teacher who enters the school room in September with only restored nerves, without the reinforced mind, is in disgrace and deserves to be. The public school teacher is not long tolerated who does not in one way or another devote a part of the summer vacation to this renewal and reinforcement of the pedagogic mind. Teachers' institutes, summer courses, chautauqua assemblies, summer schools, official or otherwise, are considered necessities in the career of a public school teacher. It is bad faith to the public, disloyalty in the teacher to evade or otherwise miss such reinforcement.

We fear that this is not quite so true concerning the ministerial profession and church work. There is still prevalent among the clergy much of the hand-to-mouth, haphazard method; perhaps it is the ragged remnant of the old superstition which once was potent and inspiring, that "the Lord will provide"; that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"; that "on that day it will be given you what to say."

With a large number of other ministers there is a well thought out system of excuses for the absence of plan and the neglect of programs; perhaps we ought to say arguments against them. It is suggestive to find how pat among many ministers are the arguments against "study classes" on any lines other than Biblical, and even in this direction the available and conventional "Sunday School Helps" are considered adequate if not the best methods to pursue. There is an easy way of dismissing all such program-making as "institutional work," and the "institutional church" we are told is a "doubtful experiment." It is "possible only under peculiar circumstances and particularly peculiar leadership." Few ministers, we are told, are gifted in that way, etc., etc. There is still a disposition among progressive ministers to divide the work of the church into two departments, viz., the "worship of God" on the one hand and the "service of man" on the other, and there is the implication that an over-emphasis of the latter may somehow lower the standard or militate against the efficiency of the former.

We are not unmindful of the significance of worship, the uplift of the hymn, the benign benediction that comes through the solemnities that belong to what is not inaptly termed "the church service." But even in this, as in the other department of church work, accepting for the time being the dual division, which is a dangerous one, there is need of careful preparation, of deliberate arrangement, of studied order. Herein lies the secret of ritualistic power, the ever growing sanctity of the liturgy. Their value rests not in a waning superstitition but in a psychology enforced and enlarged by modern study.

But there is something pathetic in the specious argument urged by the apologizing preacher that it is not for him to interfere with the province of the school, the reformer, or even to any great degree with the philanthropist; for what are colleges for, political organizations and parties and charitable organizations in their associated efficiency but to do this kind of work better than the church can do it.

Admitting the amateurish and inefficient quality of church work on these lines compared with that carried on by the organizations suggested, there still remains the accusing fact that there are millions of hungry souls unreached by the college and that the study years in every life far outreach the school years; that many questions of civic well-being are rooted in ethics and religion which it is the special province of the church and its ministry to study and enforce, and that a large part of the suffering that calls for brotherly sympathy and help lies outside of and beyond the realm reached by "associated" or any other "charity organizations."

But this is the argument of last resort that says, any service is better than no service, and this inadequately expresses the opportunity of the church. Much of literature, particularly of poetry, cannot be adequately interpreted or pedagogically treated worthily except from the standpoint of the preacher. The prophets, modern and ancient, declare the counsels of the Almighty, the interpretation of which is the first business of the church. So also, the prophets have been in the past and always must be, the interpreters of civic righteousness and the leaders in political, as well as in other reforms. And the warm hand, if it is to be helpful, must be found where the heart is warmed and the mind uplifted. Still further the discoveries of science, the lessons of biology and economics are necessary to the enforcements of religion as they need the illumination of the devout.

But we cannot overstep the limits of an editorial. All this but argues for the deliberate preparation, the carefully elaborated program, the systematizing of church plans and purposes at the beginning of the working season. The church is a school, the minister is a teacher, and both preacher and church must seek the efficiency reached by the teacher and the school.

The church that faces the year without plans, and the minister who takes up his task without at least in his own mind a program are making a poor start.

Happy indeed if the program has been thought out to a printed clearness.

"Church Work" is an object of distrust but a church that does no work is already condemned.

"West Point Barracks"

A small, secluded, rounded point of land,
  Set as a gem between two clasping bays,
  Reveals, at first, to the enchanted gaze
A convex lift of sculptured, verdured strand,
Lapped by Mendota's waves in silvery band,
  Or ribboned blue, or wreath of fretted foam
  Wind-strewn along the shore, where waters comb
The mimic rocks, or beat the whitened sand.

A friendly pier invites the homing stroke
  Of each initiate craft; and set with care
  Among the crippled shrubs, a zigzag stair
Spells welcome to the feet of many folk:
Yet on the drooping shoulder of the hill,
Brave hickory and oak companion still.

Here, nestling close to mother nature's heart,
  "The Barracks"—dedicate to simple life,
  Built for the soldiers of a common strife
In which all souls heroic take a part—
Stand as a fine example of true art,
  Fitting to use, as beauty heaven-sent,
  Its most appropriate embodiment,
Essential to a purpose from the start.

The noble porch, where forty people group
  To watch the gold lance of the sinking sun
  Cross, shimmering, the full moon's silvery one,
Or note the water in a wondrous purple loop,
Is vestibule to peace, and rev'rent rest,
Is portal to the joy-realms of the blest.

But ere the glorious day is thus far spent,
  Where open upland stretches to the crest
  Of all the country round, a radiant west
Smiles at the beauty of the long descent,
The wooded lakeshore as a long bow bent,
  The interlacing fields of yellow grain,
  And tinted sky from earth to earth again,
As if it looked on Paradise, content.

Yet from "The Barracks" threshold, soft and far,
  Like some dream city, tempting youth to roam
  With Hall of Learning, and the State House dome,
The brave town calls us where our duties are;
Thence, hushing, nightfall leads us by the hand,
Through "light that never was on sea or land."

Mary Stebbins Savage.

A Little Help

There's help in seeming cheerful
  When a body's feeling blue,
In looking calm and pleasant
  If there's nothing else to do.
If other folks are wearing,
  And things are awry,
Don't vex yourself with caring,
  'Twill be better by and by.

There's help in keeping tally
  Of our host of happy days;
There's never one that dawneth,
  But it bringeth cause to praise
The love that ever watcheth,
  The friend that's ever near.
So, though one tryst with sorrow,
  One needs must dwell with cheer.

When troubles march to meet you,
  Salute them at the door.
Extend both hands to greet them,
  Their worst will soon be o'er.
Beat down their stormy bugles
  With your rejoicing drums,
And, mailed in lofty courage,
  Accept whatever comes.

Margaret E. Sangster.

The State University

E. A. BIRGE, DEAN OF THE COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

I am asked to state for UNITY the peculiar advantages of the State University as an educational institution and as an agent for the service of the commonwealth. In attempting this task I shall not speak of many of the educational advantages of the state university. Such are the large wealth of the state which supports it, the generous support which it receives, both material and moral, and all those circumstances which have brought many of these institutions forward into the class of the largest and most progressive institutions of higher learning. In all the states west of the Alleghanies and in many of those east of that line, the state universities are advancing as are no other class of colleges. Yet these advantages and this progress are common to the state universities and the wealthier private institutions, and, were progress to be measured by success in a race for riches or size, it might not be safe to say that the public institution would always win.

Nor do I propose to speak of their educational advantages in the narrower and more accurate sense of the term. I shall not dwell on the size and personnel of their faculties, or their resources of library or laboratory. State universities, like any other class of colleges, cover a wide range in all of these particulars and any statements true of the whole class would fail to show much of peculiar advantage, unless the status of each university were considered with reference to its own situation. There is another and better reason for such omission. We are all agreed that the quality and value of the undergraduate instruction which a college can give have no very direct relation to size or wealth. Many institutions differing widely in resources have this in common—that the student can secure a thoroughly satisfactory college training from them.

I purpose therefore to touch only one point of advantage of the state university, and that a central one. I shall speak of its relation to the state, the type of work which comes to it from this relation and the institutional spirit and temper which are thus produced.

The earlier state universities were the product of national rather than of state concern for education and the support granted them by many of the states was too often small, and that given "grudgingly and of necessity." On their side, too, the universities felt little or no responsibility to the state or pride in their relation to it. Responsibility to learning they acknowledged; they owed also in full measure their responsibility to their students. But the thought was of slow growth, both in their mind and in that of the public, that they were a peculiar class of universities, with duties, responsibilities and privileges widely different from those of private institutions. But today this situation is wholly changed. No institution in the several states awakens the pride of their citizens as does their university and no money for public purposes is more readily or more generously granted than that for the university. And the attitude of university toward state is equally changed. The relation of institution toward state and of state toward university is dominated by what may be called state university ideals; by the sense that the state university is not only a university *in* the state but the university *of* the state; that it represents, or rather embodies both in visible form and inner spirit, the centralized intellectual activities of the people; that

the state university is the best and truest expression of the intellectual life of the commonwealth.

This ideal is held on both sides with no meagre or narrow conception of the content and meaning of the intellectual life. On her side the university has learned that she must add to the passion for learning, the passion for doing good; that she must represent and guide the intellectual life of the whole people; and that to do this she must regard it as one of her main functions to better social conditions by discovering and teaching the applications of learning to the arts of life. On its side the state has learned that the expression of its intellectual life means much more than was formerly included in "higher education." It means not only instruction of college grade leading to the bachelor's degree; not only provision for technical education in the wide sense of that term; not only professional schools of high grade; the mental life and powers of the people must find opportunity for expression in research and their university must provide adequate facilities for graduate research and instruction in a wide range of departments.

State universities may and do differ widely in size, in income, and in almost every particular. They differ as do the states which they represent. But all agree in the possession of this spirit, this attitude toward their commonwealths. No one can listen to the discussions in the meetings of the Association of State Universities without feeling the presence of a factor new in American education—the sense of the state, incarnate in the university and seeking concrete expression in her life.

The state university strives to embody not merely the conscious intellectual life of its state—that of the educated and professional classes. It strives also to develop and make effective the intellectual side of those lines of life which are slow to develop this for themselves. It aims by research and teaching to *intellectualize*—if I may use the word—that which the past has considered as belonging to toil rather than to thought. Look, for example, at the relation of the state universities toward agriculture. We are all familiar with the enormous practical gains—the material rewards—which have come to the country from their work. We think less because we see less of the social and spiritual gains which have issued from this relation. These are less easy to talk about—less easy to present in tabular form; they cannot be estimated in dollars and cents, but they are none the less present and potent. They have changed agriculture from a labor to a business—to a profession. They have made the cultivation of the earth, on which rests the permanent prosperity of all states, a profession whose fundamental elements are not muscular but intellectual. Thought, not toil, has been made the basal condition of success. This gift has a value far beyond money to the state. It means the permanent social elevation of a great class of the community, an elevation permanent because due to a raising of the intellectual standards of life. Of course, I do not mean to say that all of the changed conditions in agriculture are due to the universities. No one influence can account for so great a revolution. But I do mean to say that a large share of the work has been done by the universities and that its success has been and is due to the application of university methods to the solution of the problems offered. Men of scientific training, gifted in research, still better, filled with the true spirit of the highest science, have done this work. It has been not so much the information which they have furnished as the contact of their lives which has produced the results. These could never have come out of second-hand knowledge, taught by pedagogues, or out of the reflected and pale stimulus of the intellectual life of too many school teachers. They have demanded the influence of lives lived in the realm of science, of men engaged at first hand in the search for truth. They have come from the university influence, the university spirit in the commonwealth.

In this way the state university on its agricultural side has come to be the embodiment of the intellectual life of a great section of the state. It not only embodies it; it makes articulate the life that was present but unexpressed. It rises far higher than that common life, furnishing stimulus, guidance, and leadership to it. Yet in all of its manifestations, it is conscious of that common life and of its close relation to it. It rejoices in this relationship and in the duties and responsibilities which flow from it.

I have spoken so fully of this phase of the work of the state university because it illustrates very happily not only that spirit of helpfulness—that "passion for doing good"—which is characteristic of their work at the present day; but also that union of state and university which I have mentioned. It is noteworthy also because it concerns an aspect of teaching and research which only a few years ago seemed almost outside of the proper functions of the university.

The close relation between people and the university may have one farther illustration, and this shall be taken from the certificate system of admission to college. This system was devised and introduced by state universities, but has been adopted in some form by the vast majority of private institutions. The change from examination to certificate has proved far more than a mere change of method. It has marked the transfer from what has been happily called the "feudal" to the "democratic" conception of the relation of university and secondary schools: from the position in which the university dictates the terms on which students may secure admission to her halls and expects the secondary schools to adjust themselves to her demands, to that in which the university learns what is the secondary education best suited to the community, and endeavors to promote that and to adjust to it her courses of higher learning.

By these experiments and many others of like character there has come to the state university a broader and as well a higher conception of her duties as the intellectual center of the state. No longer a "higher institution" in the sense that she is separate from the life of the state she has joined herself to that life at a hundred points. To her every class, every condition in the state turns for light and for guiding, and her influence penetrates, her life is felt throughout the state. In this breadth of sympathy, in this wide measure of helpfulness lie the grounds for the new sense of the common life shared by the university and the state. In this relation the university is in the best sense a higher institution—higher as realizing the finest intellectual life possible to the state, higher as working out in concrete form its intellectual hopes and purposes and fostering their development into a larger life.

It is interesting for one who, like myself, has spent a good many years in the service of the state university, to note the difference between the attitude which the state holds toward the university today and that of twenty-five years ago. Then the feeling was almost one of tolerance to a somewhat unnecessary luxury. Later this passed into a sense of pride in the greatness of the university and of pride in its possession; somewhat of the feeling which the people have

for a fine capitol building or a noble park. Now the feeling is passing into the sense that the university ought to be the representative of the state in its various energies, that every class has a right to call on her for help, and to demand that her life shall be so shaped as to come into vital contact with them. The state is drawing the members of the faculty into its service in numberless ways, official, semi-official and unofficial. In proportion as the state finds skilled, educated service needed in its increasingly complex affairs, it turns to the university for aid and counsel. This movement, so potent in uniting university and state, is only at its beginning. It is hardly a decade old as a general movement and another decade will see these bonds of mutual service far more numerous and close.

But will not a university, thus bound to the state in life and service, neglect the affairs of the mind? Will not intellectual matters be valued for their practical service alone or chiefly? Will such a university not neglect pure scholarship and that which comes from it? There are those who answer these questions in the affirmative and who see for the state university a future in which technical or so-called practical education only will have a place. I am not surprised that there should be such a feeling. Technical education has grown enormously in the last quarter century and is now only at the beginning of its growth. Yet it will never crowd out or weaken liberal studies in the university unless by the error or weakness of those who guide its fortunes in executive or faculty positions. For, to look at the matter only from the standpoint which we have been using, few feelings are more deep-seated in the human mind than the love of things intellectual, the love of learning for its own sake. Few demands of the public are more insistent than that the children of the state shall have the broadest and best training, the most liberal culture. A liberal education—as the word implies—is the education that befits the free child of a free state; and this the people demand, not as a luxury, but as a birthright. No institution of higher learning is worthy of the name unless it can recognize in the people this thirst for knowledge for its own sake, this delight in the world of men and things as an intellectual possession. Nor is it worthy of its state if it fails to make ample provision for satisfying these desires, for fostering them, and for diffusing them more widely through the influence of faculty and graduates. The state universities are not and will not be false to the chatter of liberal education. They could not be so, even if they would, and still be anything but false to the state.

I look at research in the state university in much the same way. If any university is pledged to research in its highest and purest form, the state university is doubly pledged. For nothing is more certain than that the permanent prosperity of states is coming to depend more and more on the presence of highly skilled and educated persons in every walk of life and thought and on the results of their labors. These persons are needed not singly or by scores, but by thousands. And their presence is dependent, in turn, on the wide diffusion of the spirit of research through the community. No duty therefore is more central to the work of a state university, none grows more immediately out of her relations to the state than that of making ample provision for the highest and best training in research in all departments of learning. If the state university is niggardly here, either in funds or in her interpretation of the breadth of her duties, she is so to the permanent and irretrievable loss of the state whose life she presumes to guide.

In closing let us ask, What type of place for students will a university be which embodies the ideals thus set forth? It is plain that the state universities have set before themselves no light tasks. They are trying to do for the vastly complex civilization of today what the mediæval university did for its far simpler society. They are trying to sum up and express its intellectual life and to give it leadership and guidance. The particular tasks which the university shall attempt are necessarily limited by place and circumstance; but this is its fundamental purpose. What effect has this on the university as a place for study?

I suppose that in this matter we may distinguish two types of universities. There are those which at the bottom represent the past, who hold to Arnold's "the best that has been said and done" as the means of education and of culture. They strive to produce an atmosphere filled with the great memories of the past in which their students may live until some part of its spirit has passed into their lives: until something of the fineness of the quality of these best products of the human race has become part and parcel of their nature.

On the other hand, there are institutions which represent primarily the intellectual life of the present, which are busied first of all with the day's work in the field of the mind, which are more concerned with the development of thought in their own generation, than with reproducing the conditions of the past. In a pure form neither type of institution exists. The one would stagnate without some progressive scholarship, the other would make no real progress unless its work and teaching were deeply rooted in the achievements of the past. Yet one tendency or the other is apt to predominate and to determine the type of university and to control the type of scholarship produced. In the pure form the one would regard culture as the primary end of education and capacity for intellectual work as a by-product. It aims at producing a state of mind rather than a dynamic force. The other aims first at capacity for mental work and regards culture as the by-product. It aims to train up and to send out laborers into the intellectual harvest field rather than those who can appreciate and enjoy the fruit of the harvest.

I need not say to which class the state university belongs. They, if any, are on the working front of the intellectual world. They are struggling with new tasks and with difficult problems. Much of their work is new. Some of it will inevitably be done badly and much crudely. But they are striving—and not wholly without success—to carry their share of the intellectual burdens of the world. To their ranks they invite all scholars, old and young, who seek a place to work, a chance for toil. They offer to him, not a sheltered garden, where in the company of the great names of the past he may escape the turmoil and ferment of the world of today. They offer a place where, in contact with the life of the state and in sympathy with it, he may be trained for a position in that army of laborers which is trying to make the life of today and tomorrow less tumultuous, clearer and calmer, because more fully guided by reason and science. I need not say that many will hear and answer this call, nor that by this response the state and the world will be a better place in which to live.

Can we sum up in a word this temper of the state university? I recall Lowell's noble phrase in his Harvard address—that it is the duty of the ideal university to distribute to her children the bread of angels. Not thus can I express our ideals. I must turn rather to

words of wider meaning: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." These words are at once the charter and the motto of the state university—"not by bread alone but by every word of God." Foremost among higher institutions of learning we recognize the truth that man lives by bread and that our concern is with men thus nourished. This need we gladly meet as does the mother, who sees how closely soul and body are associated in her children. But not by bread alone does the state live. Her children seek the bread of a higher intellectual life; seek from the university the word of truth; the word of God, in technical and in liberal courses alike. This, too, she supplies in abundant measure. And that word thus communicated to her people—to her children—she must not only receive from others, from the wisdom of the past, but she must seek and hear the new word of today and bring it to the youth of her state. She must reveal that knowledge of the manifold wisdom of the world, without whose continued presence the people, the people for whom she was born and for whom she lives, must perish. Thus does she justify her title of a state university; a university worthy to lead the learning of a great commonwealth.

CORRESPONDENCE

Our Tower Hill Letter

The summer school closed with the double grove meeting of August 18. During the next ten days the Conductor of the Hill made two trips to Chicago and beyond, and the Hill was left to quiet and meditation. After such a period of mental activity it is good for the mind to be self-directing for a time, or perhaps even to lie fallow for a season may be productive of fertility farther along. Daily walks led to daily surprises and, by means of occasional drives, acquaintance was deepened to intimacy with the blue hills that have rimmed our horizon all summer long. Sunny days were utilized as amateur photographers know how when a rare fair day and leisure come together, and books that have been lying long unread were taken down from their shelves. In one of these, late from the University of Chicago Press, I find the explanation of the whole matter, or at least a point of view, which is what all explanations are, in the end, and here it is: "A stream of social influence is turned loose on the child, and if the attention to him is incessant and wise, and the copies he has are good and stimulating, he is molded nearer to the heart's desire. Sometimes he escapes and becomes a criminal, tramp, sport, or artist; and even if made into an impeccable and model citizen, he periodically breaks away from the network of social habit and goes a-fishing."

We were aroused from our day-dreams by a Fact—a brilliant hued poster, announcing the inter-country fair at Spring Green. The fair lasted four days. Tower Hill tastes are varied and cosmopolitan, and the circular touched a responsive chord in every heart. Some of us went one day, and some—they were very young—went every day of the four; and if we found the fruits on exhibition in the hall of agriculture and domestic economy a little smaller and possibly a little less tantalizing than the pictures on the poster, why that was not the first of such experiences, neither will it be the last. The art department was a creditable display and the educational exhibit was worthy of the noble Wisconsin system. The interest culminated on Pioneer day, when the Governor of Wisconsin was present and made a brief but happy address in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Spring Green, and the principal speech was made by the Conductor of the Hill, who recalled at some length the experiences of a pioneer and sounded a note of warning against the dangers which menace a time of prosperity. And, lest it be imagined that the Tower Hill community visited the fair as a mere spectator, let it be told here that our pigs and chickens, our squashes and cows—yes, and our photographs and art needlework, too—were there, lined up with the best; and let modesty not forbid it to be told that they carried off their fair share of the prizes.

And all this time the hazelnuts are getting ripe and the Virginia creeper is beginning to put on its autumn coloring. Roadsides and woods are rich with goldenrod and aster, and the days of our independence will soon be over. EVELYN H. WALKER.

Tower Hill, Wis., August 31, 1907.

EDITOR UNITY:—In the issue of UNITY for August 22, under the caption, "Tower Hill Letter," a minister is reported to have said that Renan supported the theory that Jesus was "a myth." This is surely a case of mistaken identity. If the good man has read Renan's "Life of Jesus" it must have been so long ago that for the moment he confused Renan with some other author. Jesus was a very real, a very human personality to Renan, so much so that he conceived him to have had many possible faults, many limitations that we can never know, because none of his contemporaries wrote the record of his life and much of the real Jesus is lost in the verbal traditions that arose long after he died. On the other hand, Renan considered Jesus to have possessed many transcendent virtues; indeed, that he will never be excelled in the moral sublimity of his character.

Does not common fairness call for greater care in our treatment of the pathfinders of rational religion? The fact is that the "new theology" in Europe and America has come to have substantially the same estimate of Jesus that Renan had fifty years ago, and in place of Renan's treating Jesus as a myth we are coming more and more to see that he wrote one of the most sane, just, appreciative and appreciated lives of Jesus that has ever been written. In place of the alleged myth theory a few sentences will illustrate the fact that his whole argument is opposed to such a theory. He says:

> "Let us then place the person of Jesus on the highest summit of human freedom. Let us not permit ourselves to be led astray by exaggerated distrust in regard to a legend which continually draws us into the supernatural world. The life of a Francis d' Assisi is also only a tissue of miracle. Still has anybody ever doubted the existence of Francis d' Assisi?"

Again he says:

> "As many of the grand aspects of his character are lost to us by the fault of his disciples, it is probable that many of his faults have been dissembled. But never has any man made the interests of humanity predominate in his life over the littleness of self-love so much as he. Devoted, without reserve to his idea, he subordinated everything to it to such a degree that towards the end of his life the universe no longer existed for him. It was by this flood of heroic deeds that he conquered heaven. * * * His life-deeds of benevolence will grow without ceasing, his legend will call forth tears without end; his sufferings will meet the noblest hearts; all ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born greater than Jesus."

JOSEPH P. MACCARTHY.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Sept. 1, 1907.

Is It a Fake?

The following letter explains itself. If we have been taken in, it is in common with what we take to be the majority of American journals. We do not remember having seen the authenticity of the document called into question by any of our exchanges. If it is a canard we shall be glad to promptly furnish evidence of the same, and, with our correspondent, solicit further information in this direction.—EDITOR.

MY DEAR UNITY: In your last issue you publish what purports to be a recent Bull from Pius X. The whole thing is such a travesty, as viewed from the Catholic standpoint. It is incredible to believe you should have taken it seriously. To believe, if genuine, such a document could have been received so silently by Christendom, is wholly impossible.

If you can furnish the name of the author of this *canard* to your readers it will be gratifying to this writer.

Catskill Station, N. Y. HENRY Q. MACK.

EDITOR UNITY:—I want to tell you how greatly I enjoy UNITY. I think it is distinctly the most readable of any paper of its class that comes to my hands. I do not feel that I can afford to omit anything from the quotation upon the title page to the end of the reading matter. No paper that I read makes me feel so much like keeping a scrapbook. It is all worth preserving.

NATHANIEL BUTLER,
August 30, 1907. Dean of U. of C.

"The Flowers the Baby Reaches For"

The little life-dream at an end,
White ribbons fluttering at the door,
Now, for my sorrow-stricken friend,
I could do only one thing more.
Forth to the place where, in despite
Of snowflakes on the wintry air,
Still bloomed the red rose and the white,
Still nodded lilies tall and fair.

I went to buy white violet,
White hyacinth, and snowdrop too,
And lily of the valley set
With purest, sweetest bells that grew.
"Make me a wreath of them," I said,
To crown a dear dead baby's head;
And pluck a handful just as sweet
To strew upon her little feet."

"All white?" the woman asked. "Ah, no!"—
Her foreign accents soft and low—
"The bright flowers please the babies more;
Get some of those she reaches for."
And then she brought me dainty things,
All flecked with pink and purple spots,
Like butterflies with splendid wings—
And blue-bells and forget-me-nots,
And tiny daisies tipped with red,
And cowslips golden as the sun;
All which (because of what she said)
I sent the precious little one.

Next day, beside her dear dead child,
Through tender tears the mother smiled;
For in the midst of glowing hues,
Soft rosy pinks and delicate blues,
The little lovely waxen face
Showed almost its own life-like grace.
And reaching for the happy thought
By such a radiant vision brought,
We seemed to see the baby's eyes
Opening within the heavenly land,
And hear her laugh with sweet surprise
At the bright blossoms in her hand,
While the dear Christ that children blessed
Folded her softly to his breast.

By the Late Mary Bradley.

Wealth has now all the respect paid to it which is due only to virtue and to talent, but we can see what estimate God places upon it, since he often bestows it upon the meanest and most unworthy of all His creatures.—*Dean Swift.*

Richard Mansfield

The passing of a man of marked personality and power, who has long held a place of note in the public mind, is an event of moment for the religious as well as the secular press to reflect upon. Mr. Mansfield was easily the foremost actor since Edwin Booth. Even Laurence Barrett was never the master of dramatic art, to say nothing of stage craft, that the man who has just died proved himself to be through many years of singularly arduous labor.

Devoted to his art with a passion which knew no fatigue till nature at last gave way, Mr. Mansfield made it his task to lift the thought of contemporary theatergoers from the cheap creations of modern playwrights to the classic literature of the drama. His modern authors were few, and these of the higher order, including Stevenson, Rostand and Ibsen. But the plays he loved were the standard works of literature, Shakespeare, Hawthorne, Moliere and Schiller.

That Mr. Mansfield was a master of his art, as no man of the generation save Sir Henry Irving was, need not be argued. No one who ever watched his work could doubt that it had received the most painstaking attention, to its minutest detail. In speaking of this part of an actor's work he once said in a series of lectures at the University of Chicago:

"The long, lone hours with our heads in our hands, the toil, the patient study, the rough carving of the outlines, the dainty, delicate finishing touches, the growing into the soul of the being we delineate, the picture of his outward semblance, his voice, his gait, his speech—all amount to a labor of such stress and strain, of such loving anxiety and care, that they can be compared only in my mind to a mother's pains."

To the last Mr. Mansfield resisted and defied the huge and impudent Jew theater trust, which is doing its utmost to coin money and kill the drama. His belief was that the present conditions in the conduct of the theater made the production of the higher type of plays impossible. On this point he said, speaking of the charm that separates the stage from literature, as compared with the days of Garrick:

"Today the actor may be said to weep his heart out in solitude. Where and from whom can he draw inspiration? In the days of Garrick those men who wrote plays came with bended knee and bated breath and whispering humbleness to beg Mr. Garrick to accept their work. Today! We look around a vast plain of emptiness, and if upon the horizon we spy the nebulous figure of a nascient dramatic author pressing to his puling lips a sucking bottle of dramatic buttermilk, we crawl to his feet and implore him to bestow upon us, regardless of cost, one drop of the precious fluid."

Mr. Mansfield's character was above reproach, though of his temper many amusing stories are told. He was so fully possessed of the spirit of his work that he found it hard to forgive clumsiness or inattention on the part of his helpers. His home life was ideal, and his circle of friends most intimate and attached. He was a member of the Episcopal Church. —Editorial from *The Christian Century.*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

In spite of all the good words of many friends and the manifest achievements of the past, the question is constantly recurring, What is the mission of the Congress? What need is there for an organization of this kind and what relation does its work bear to the normal work of the organized church?

Taking the last question first, the Congress of Religion strives, in the truest and most sincere way to be all things to all men if by any means it may help forward the one Kingdom of our common Father. It has no dogma to defend, no axe to grind, no ecclesiastical ambitions. It most cordially welcomes to its fellowship the conservative and the radical, the Jew and the Christian, the Catholic and the Protestant—whenever and wherever there are hearts large enough, minds catholic enough, devotion Christlike enough, to co-operate with other seekers after God unto the realization of his Kingdom on the earth.

The high and holy purpose of the Congress of Religion is to proclaim the spiritual life as the abiding reality of earth, religion as the supreme dynamic in human history, and to voice the cry of human need as the challenge and the bugle call to the co-operative activity of all who believe in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. While we rejoice in all federations of churches and still more in the union of denominations and the elimination of dogmatic differences, our efforts are not expended in these ways, but rather in the more immediate and more ultimate co-operation of all religious forces against the great armies of inquity.

Co-operation is the watchword of our day. Business men are working together; capital and labor are both forming unions of offense and defense. Even nations are able to work together against a danger which threatens the peace of the world and the progress of humanity. In America we find the saloons and the brothels, the speculators and the gamblers, the genteel robbers and anarchists of high finance, the vast and varied forces of greed and passion, of debauchery and iniquity —all ready to pool their interests and work together for those common ends which make for the destruction of the God-imaged manhood and womanhood in our national life! But the church of the living God, the disciples and the champions of truth and righteousness, of peace and purity, of the sanctity of the home and the nobility of human life—this army of the God and Father of us all, is divided into opposing camps that are envious and critical, oftentimes openly hostile to each other, while the awful cries of human need seem to fall on deaf ears and hearts of stone!

The Congress of Religion hopes to be of some service in opening a pathway for the hosts of righteousness and truth, of goodness and God, to march together to the service and the ministry of our Father's children who are suffering and sinning in the harvest fields of earth. Brethren, there is a great work to be done almost unattempted and the only adequate invitation is: Whosoever will let him come, let him pray and let him work that the Kingdom may be realized.

The battle of the dogmas and the clash of creeds sounds round the earth, drowning the cry of human need and detracting from the battle with iniquity. There is honor among thieves, brotherliness among rogues—civil war among Christians! How long, *how long*, must the Kingdom wait for those disciples who forbid little children and all others who "follow not us" (belong not to our church), to learn that "by their fruits ye shall know them" and that "as many as are lead by the Spirit of God are the sons of God"? The Congress of Religion is avowedly Christlike; it scruples not to sit at a publican's table or to eat with sinners, much less does it withhold fellowship from the descendants of the Hebrew prophets, or the disciples of Channing and Parker, of Whittier and William Penn, or the various modern prophets of faith and life. It believes in the goodness of God and of his children and invites them all to work together for and unto his Kingdom. O brother, friend, to whom ever these words come, *will you help?*

C. A. O.

The New York State Conference of Religion at the International Council of Religous Liberals, Boston, September 22-27, 1907.

The executive committee of the conference, having unanimously accepted an invitation to participate in the International Council of Religious Liberals at Boston during the last week of September next, invites all members of the conference to a sympathetic interest therein.

The council, organized at Boston in 1900, has held its biennial congresses at London (1901), Amsterdam (1903) and Geneva (1905). These meetings bring together for the exchange of ideas, mutual service and the promotion of common interests, the historic liberal churches, the liberal elements in all churches, and isolated workers for freedom and progress in many lands.

The executive committee of the council say: "All who desire to increase religious enlightenment, freedom and tolerance, and to make the world better, are cordially invited to participate."

The congresses at London, Amsterdam and Geneva were attended by 500 to 1,000 members, representing fifteen nationalities and twenty-four religious fellowships. In the list of honorary vice-presidents of the Boston congress many religious fellowships, including Jews and Christians, and many organizations for social reform and righteousness, are represented. Among these appear the names of several members of the executive committee of this conference.

The program includes the names of many scholars, thinkers and orators from many lands, who are to speak on themes of interest. Nearly all European countries are represented, and also India and Japan. The Rev. John Hunter, D. D., minister of Trinity Congregational Church, Glasgow, one of a delegation of over a hundred from Great Britain, is expected to preach the opening sermon.

Those who desire fuller information should address the Rev. C. W. Wendte, secretary, 25 Beacon street, Boston. One dollar entitles the sender to all the privileges of membership in the congress. For the executive committee:

JAMES M. WHITON, Chairman.

MEMBERSHIP.

All who are in sympathy with the purposes and principles of the International Council and who desire the increase of religious freedom, unity and brotherhood, are invited to become members of the congress. No assent to any formal dogma or adhesion to any particular church is required for membership. Application for membership, enclosing the fee of one dollar, may be made at any time to the secretary at his office at 25 Beacon street, Boston, Massachusetts. Registration will be facilitated by sending dues and securing membership cards in advance. The membership card will entitle the holder to admission to all the meetings of the Boston congress. For the reception, the banquet and the excursions special tickets will be required.

REGISTRATION.

The headquarters of the congress will be in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon street, adjoining the state house.

The headquarters will be open daily from September 21st to September 28th, inclusive, from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Guests, members and visitors arriving before Sunday evening, September 22d, will register at the headquarters, where committees will be present to welcome delegates and strangers and extend to them any courtesies in their power.

Members who have obtained their membership tickets in advance will register in room 1 and obtain their badges, programs and necessary tickets.

Foreign guests will register in room 1.

American delegates, who have not already become members, will register and obtain their membership cards in room 3.

These arrangements will also be in force on Sunday, September 22d.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the registration office will be in Gilbert hall, Tremont Temple. After Sunday night there will be no opportunity to register at headquarters, all such work being transferred to Tremont Temple.

The railroad secretary will be at his desk in Gilbert hall, Tremont Temple, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

Speakers and foreign delegates will be provided with hospitality by the hospitality committee from Saturday night until Friday morning.

The headquarters of the hospitality committee will be in room 1.

Badges are furnished free to all members of the council and will be necessary for admission to the different meetings and for participation in the excursions. Members are requested also to have with them constantly their membership cards.

A postoffice for the use of members will be found in room 1, at which will be delivered mail, telegrams and packages addressed to members at 25 Beacon street, Boston. Stamps and paper can be obtained at the desk. Writing can be done in the library except when the room is in use for meetings. Cable address, "Unitarian, Boston."

An after meeting of the above congress will be held in Ann Arbor, Michigan, October 3d and 4th, and one in Chicago on the 5th and 6th. Rev. Lewis Wilson, the new secretary of the A. U. A., will take part in the meetings.

C. W. WENDTE,
General Secretary.

A Lost Mother

It is no uncommon thing for policemen to find lost children upon the streets, and to restore them to their homes, but here is an interesting story of a Colorado Springs officer who had the pleasure of restoring a lost mother to her family:

One morning, as the policeman was sitting on a box in front of a drug store, he was startled by seeing a strange-looking animal crawling up his trouser's leg. With a quick motion of the hand he caught it by the tail. At first he thought it was a rat, but it was unlike any rat or mouse he had ever seen. Plainly it was neither squirrel nor gopher, nor could he think of any animal known to him to which he could liken it. He took it to police headquarters, where it was kept on exhibition for a time, but no one—not even a learned college professor who chanced that way—could give it a name.

At length, as one of the officers was passing a fruit store, he saw in a small glass showcase a nest of seven baby animals exactly like the one at the police station. The fruit dealer told him that they had been found in a bunch of bananas just received from South America. Returning at once to headquarters, he fetched the animal imprisoned there, and placed it in the showcase with the babies. They at once ran up to it, and showed by unmistakable signs of joy that they had found a lost mother.

Finally, there appeared a "wise man," who said that they were South American mice, otherwise known as kankaroo rats. In shape and general appearance they resemble a kangaroo, but have feet like the hands of a monkey, having thumb distinct from the fingers or toes, and, like the monkeys, they hang by their long tails. Having satisfied their hunger, the little ones went to sleep with their tails coiled around the tail of their mother, which she had turned over her back.

The officer declares that, when he first discovered the strange animal crawling up his leg, there was an appeal for help in its eyes—the look of a stranger in trouble in a strange land! ELLA BEECHER GITTINGS.

Monument, Colo.

Aggassiz at Penikese

Commemorating the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great naturalist, Agassiz, one of his pupils, Pres. David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford University, describes in the *Independent* the summer school which Agassiz conducted at Penikese Island, off the south coast of Massachusetts.

The schoolhouse was an old barn, which served both for lecture hall and dining-room, and the lecture and dinner went together. At the end of one of the three long tables, says Doctor Jordan, with a movable blackboard always at his side, sat Agassiz, and when the dishes were being cleared away the lecture would begin.

On the second morning occurred the memorable event of that summer. Agassiz rose as the dishes were taken out, this time without chalk in his hand, and began to speak—with that wonderful touch of eloquence which is denied to most men of science—of his purpose in calling us together. The swallows flew in and out of the building, grazing his shoulders in their flight.

He told us that the people of America needed a better education—one that would bring them into closer contact with the realities of nature, and therefore with truth. He told us how this training of people to think clearly and rightly and righteously ought to be accomplished, and dwelt on the results which might come to our country from the training and consecration of fifty teachers—young men and young women, armed with enthusiasm and with youth on their side.

This summer at Penikese was to be no ordinary piece of school work, still less a merry summer's outing. We were there for a mission work of the highest possible importance.

He spoke with intense earnestness and with great dramatic power, and this was heightened by the deep religious feeling characteristic of his mind. For to Agassiz each object in nature, as well as each law of nature, was a thought of God; and trifling thoughts and conduct in the presence of God's ideal expressed in nature was to him the most foolish form of sacrilege.

What Agassiz actually said that morning can never be said again. No reporter took his language, and no one after all these years can call back the charm of his manner or the simplicity and impressiveness of his zeal and faith.

At the end he said abruptly, as he sat down, "I would not have any one pray for me now."

For a moment we were surprised, not knowing what he meant. Then it flashed over us that he wished to say that he would not like to call on any one else to pray in his place. And he concluded with the hope that each one of us would utter his own prayer in silence.

After this, during the summer at Penikese, with its succession of joyous mornings, bright days and calm nights, with every charm of sea and sky, the master was with us all day long, all the time ready with help and encouragement, always ready to draw on his own wide experience in Europe and America, always ready to give us from his own stock of knowledge.

Whatever he said was translated into language we could understand. The boundless enthusiasm which surrounded him like an atmosphere was always present. The thing he had in hand was the one thing best worth doing; the people round him were the men best worth helping; and the "bit of sod under his feet" was "the sweetest to him in any world."—*Exchange.*

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark avenue, Chicago.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—Any place is good enough to live a life in, while it is only in a few and those highly favored, that we can pass a few hours agreeably.

MON.—Wherever a man is, he will find something to please and pacify him—let him only look for it in the right spirit and he will surely find.

TUES.—Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business, is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many other things.

WED.—It is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do.

THURS.—There is no duty we so underrate as the duty of being happy.

FRI.—A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note.

SAT.—To be overwise is to ossify; and the scruple-monger ends by standing stockstill.

Quod Semper

CHILD.

"What wind is this across the roofs so softly makes his way,
That hardly makes the wires to sing, or soaring smoke to sway?"

WIND.

"I am a weary southern wind that blows the livelong day
Over the stones of Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon,
The ruined walls of Babylon, all fallen in decay.

Oh, I have blown o'er Babylon when royal was her state,
When fifty men in gold and steel kept watch at every gate,
When merchant-men and boys and maids thronged early by and late
Under the gates of Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon,
The marble gates of Babylon, when Babylon was great."

CHILD.

"Good weary wind, a little while pray let your course be stayed,
And tell me of the talk they held, and what the people said,
The funny folk of Babylon before that they were dead,
That walked abroad in Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon,
Before the towers of Babylon along the ground were laid."

WIND.

"The folk that walked in Babylon, they talked of wind and rain,
Of ladies' looks, of learned books, of merchants' loss and gain,
How such-an-one loved such-a-maid that loved him not again
(For maids were fair in Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon),
Also the poor in Babylon of hunger did complain."

CHILD.

"But this is what the people say as on their way they go
Under my window, in the street: I heard them down below."

WIND.

"What other should men talk about five thousand years ago?
For men they were in Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon,
That now are dust in Babylon I scatter to-and-fro."

—*Lucy Lyttelton, in The Spectator* (London).

Miss Harriet's Corners

Round the restaurant table sat an agreeable little company, composed of some gentlemen, a lady, and a girl with charming face and vivacious ways. Meal and conversation were proceeding pleasantly, until—the waiter upset a cup of chocolate in the girl's lap!

After an interval, during which chairs were thrust back, napkins flourished and exclamations launched, the frightened waiter doing his best to repair damages, the flurry subsided somewhat and the party reseated itself.

"My dear Harriet," cried the lady, ruefully, "your pretty suit is ruined!"

"Oh, there are more in the shops," was the gay rejoinder.

The waiter, having got a smile from the heroine of the accident, went off in a dazed condition. The gentlemen were staring silently.

"Now look here, Miss Harriet," began the man with white hair, recovering first, "tell us how you did it!"

"Did what?" mischievously.

"Kept your equanimity, when most women would have—well, no matter! I was looking right at you when it happened, and the corners of your mouth went back instantly in a smile and ——"

"Oh, *did* you notice that?" asked the girl, suddenly interested. Then she checked herself, coloring. But the others scented a story and insisted, until Miss Harriet yielded, laughing.

"Well, since Mr. Pierce is so discerning—but, really, there's nothing to tell, you know. I had a new hat sent home once, the night before Easter. I was to sing in church, and that hat was the *prettiest* thing! Oh, don't be frightened"—she laughed merrily—"I won't describe it. In fact, I never got very familiar with it, anyhow; for, when I left my room a moment, my puppy found it and had a personal interview with it.

"No, I *didn't* shake the puppy—he was a dear. I just dropped into a chair and contemplated the ruins.

"But presently I caught sight of my face in the dressing table mirror, and—I forgot even the ruins! I was so shocked that I said right out, 'Is *that* you, Harriet Corey?' Why, it was the most wobegone, forbidding countenance—my mouth made a perfect capital U, turned upside down.

"It came to me that *that* was how I probably looked whenever things went wrong.

"Well, I experimented immediately. I made the corners of my mouth move back and up, and I decided that a presentable face was better than an Easter hat. And I concluded right *there* that when things went wrong I'd at least see that the corners of my mouth stayed up.

"Really, you've no idea," she finished, ingenuously, "how it helps when horrid things happen. You just *can't* feel cross and blue if you keep your corners right."

Miss Harriet, absorbed in her narrative, had been unaware of admiring eyes. Now her cheeks began to redden.

"It's better than controlling corners in wheat!" murmured Mr. Pierce.—*The Youth's Companion.*

Day's Parlor

The day came slow, till five o'clock,
Then sprang before the hills
Like hindered rubies, or the light
A sudden musket spills.

The purple could not keep the east,
The sunrise shook from fold,
Like breadths of topaz, packed a night,
The lady just unrolled.

The happy winds their timbrels took;
The birds, in docile rows,
Arranged themselves around their prince
(The wind is prince of those).

The orchard sparkled like a Jew—
How mighty 'twas, to stay
A guest in this stupendous place,
The parlor of the day!

Emily Dickinson.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

A LETTER FROM PERE HYACINTHE.—When *L'Avant-garde* comes to hand, it is so full of varied interest that one is at a loss what to choose for reproduction. As time fails for anything very extended at this writing perhaps I cannot do better than to put into English the following letter, signed Hyacinthe-Loyson, contributed to the Abbé X symposium, which is still continued with no abatement of interest in the columns of this very much alive paper. By the way, I think I have never mentioned that *L'Avant-garde* has no fixed subscription price, but depends upon the gifts, large and small, of those who think it worth paying for.

Father Hyacinthe writes from Geneva, under date of July 10, 1907, as follows:

"You have been good enough to ask me, Sir, what I think of the future of Catholicism and Protestantism in France. I respect them both; I may even say that I love them both, though in different fashion, because they are the two great forms of Christianity among us. But I think that these forms are defective and to meet the needs of souls and of societies, must undergo profound reformations, and even transformations, which will fuse them into a higher synthesis, that we cannot as yet fully define.

"For this reason, Sir, we should treat one another, not as hostile brothers, nor even as estranged brothers, but as true brothers, working in common for the future of our beloved country, which is France, and for our great church, which is the Christian church.

"The great danger of the present hour lies not in the errors of the various churches, but in the repudiation of all churches and all religion, the denial of all reality in the things of the soul and of God, which, if not checked, will lead to a desolating skepticism for those who think and a degrading materialism for those who feel. Should Christianity fall, many things would fall with it and it is not spiritualism that would be the gainer.

"There is no antagonism, I am quite convinced, between religion and science, but only between those scholars and those priests who draw from religion and science affirmations and negations which these do not contain.

"What kind of science is that which consists in denying God because somebody has discovered, or claims to have discovered, the Pitecanthropus in the island of Java? And what sort of religion is it that imposes upon us as infallible and eternal sayings certain legendary chapters of that great religious poem, the Bible, or certain obsolete decrees of that grand institution, the Church?

"The irreconcilable contradictions between religion and science, that is the drama that perplexes our consciences, our families and our organizations. There is none more tragic, but at the same time there is none more illusory.

"For my own part, I lost no time in grasping the hand which the free-thinkers held out to me. I grasped it frankly and fraternally. I respect atheists when they are sincere, and when they reject, under the usurped name of God, the often stupid and ferocious idol which is presented to them in his place. But I have always hated atheism, properly so-called, which is the great sin not only against the heart, but against reason. *Actus contra rationem.*

"Again, I thought nothing of my own wounds, continuing to love the Church whose leaders had excommunicated me and whose publicists abused me. But I hate superstition and fanaticism in all their forms. I hate above all that idolatry which is, like atheism, though in an opposite sense, the denial of God. I hate above all Christian idolatry: *Optimi cujusque pessima corruptio.*

"But I do not confound Christianity with its corruption. I will never separate myself from Christ. Rather than renounce the mystery of his person and the spirit of his gospel, I would attach myself to the humblest of the churches which bear his name, notwithstanding the errors and abuses which might separate its worship from its teaching. I will never cease to protest against these errors and abuses, but I shall never cease to repeat with the believers of every church that word of assurance, of love and life. I believe in God who has loved us and who, after the short and troubled dream of this sinful and mortal existence, reserves for us the life of the world perfect and without end."

M. E. H.

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